

A Sundae Stroll

Ronald Trent

WELL, IT LOOKS as if the drug store has a new attraction. WALK-AWAY SUNDAE CUPS—10c EACH. Say, I think I'll get one and eat it on the way home. Oops! Pardon me, ma'am! Boy, did she give me a dirty look. I couldn't help it if she had big feet. Oh yes, Miss, please. A strawberry walk-away sundae cup. I always did have a weakness for strawberry. Well, it looks as if I'm getting my money's worth. Hello, Sue. What a sweet smile, but what a despicable personality. Never could stand her. Oh-oh, better wait for the stop-light, hadn't I? Boy, look at the chartreuse on that gal. Oh, I have the green light.

Strawberry topping almost gone.

Hello there, Vicky. How are you, girl. Such a nice dog. I always did like dogs. Boy's best friend, they say. Or rather man's best friend. Ha! What an injustice to mothers. Wow—look at that convertible! These women drivers! Never think of giving a man a lift.

Sundae about half gone.

Man, that sun is really pouring it on. I think I'll take off my coat. I'll just set my sundae here on the sidewalk. It's a good thing that there are no ants this time of the year. There, that feels much better. Hmm, the ice cream's melting a little. Hello, Jack—er Jim. Jack? Hello, Jack. These little boys confuse me. Say look at the beer bottles in that yard. Those people must have had a big party last night. I guess some people will never learn.

Sundae about three-fourths gone.

Looks as if somebody's left a tricycle sitting in the middle of the sidewalk. You'd think that the kid's parents would make him put it up. A man could break a leg stumbling over something like that. Hi, Zeke. How's the wife, any better? Fine. Glad to hear it. Well, that's all of my sundae; I wish I had another. Oh, well, I'm almost home. Here's Ninth street. Ninth street? I live at Sixth street! Oh, yes, now I remember—the house with the beer bottles in the yard.